

## Allies and more

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## Allies and more

by [hiyacaramel](#)

### Summary

Dream is a traveller on the search for the legendary Enderdragon, George is a farmer seeking the cause of the disasters that disrupt the economy in his village. They decide to cooperate, and maybe feelings begin to bloom.

Will update the rating to Mature for the smut and I might add tags as they are needed. The NSFW tags only really apply to Chapter 7.

### Notes

Disclaimer that I respect George's and Dream's friendship and if they express being uncomfortable with the shipping, I'll delete this.

The additional tags should give you a rough idea of what to expect from this work. I've been really excited to write this for a while now, and after finishing my outline and the first chapter, I'm super hyped. Enjoy!



# Unfortunate first impressions

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The darkness of the night had already long engulfed the open fields Dream was crossing. The cluster of trees he spotted in the distance birthed dangerous monsters, and although Dream was quite skilled in combat, his priorities lay elsewhere.

Right now, his concerns were stocking up on food for him and his horse. His armour could also use repairs, dents and bloodstains marking his last major fight with an angry horde of zombies when he had stumbled into their dungeon.

Naturally, the relief set in when he observed flickering light in the distance. He knew how to make quick work of looting a village; take their hay and iron, and kill farm animals for the extra meat. If he was lucky, there might be apples and carrots as a treat for his horse as well.

The first structure Dream identified were protective fences with torches tied to them. Additionally, he could make out the shape of a cowshed and a chicken coop.

Getting closer, he had his eyes set on a cow that was laying a few metres away from its fellow cows. Dream dismounted his horse near a feeding trough, trusting it to eat up the remains of the past day.

He approached the sleeping cow slowly and carefully from an angle almost tangent with its tail, moving in and out of the cattle's blind spot. With light feet and calculated movements, he drew closer, gripping his usual setup of sword and shield, though only the killing weapon was really necessary.

He mentally checked the angle of his sword thrust, now barely half a metre away from the creature, when abruptly, a person jumped from the cowshed's roof between Dream and the cattle, pitchfork and torch in hands. Instinctively, Dream raised his shield and clubbed them on the head with a metallic corner, causing them to drop on the ground.

Dream took a second to process his reaction and ponder his next move. He was certainly a thief, but no murderer. He tried to weigh his options but barely had time to react when he saw another threat approaching.

The iron golem of this village must have been near when Dream knocked out the farmer. It closed in on the fenced area with heavy grunts, locked onto Dream as his target. Without much thinking, Dream heaved the unconscious body over his shoulder and sprinted to his horse, roughly shoving the farmer and himself onto it. The horse protested a little for the sudden rush, but it recognized when Dream was in a hurry to get away from danger, so it started running, both it and its rider not daring to look back.

Dawn came faster than Dream would have preferred. He still had not sorted his thoughts, instead focusing on making a breakfast out of what little food he could scrape together. The soft sunlight painted the open plains in a pale orange, Dream deemed it a beautiful sight, no matter how many times he had witnessed a sunrise.

What also wasn't too shabby-looking was the farmer boy Dream had laid against a tree. Without any interruptions, he could really take in the profile of the young man who had been so protective of his cows last night.

Short brown hair framed his face, which looked ever so peaceful in his sleep, lips slightly parted and long eyelashes casting shadows on his cheeks. His chest rose and sunk regularly, blissfully unaware of the distance Dream had to put between them and the village to shake off the golem. His clothes were a little run-down, but he was a simple farmer after all. Not many had the opportunity to wear the sturdy armour Dream did.

As Dream prepped his last pieces of mutton, the farmer woke up with groaning and stretching. He needed a second to let his eyes get used to the light, then spoke up in a confused tone. "Where am I?"

Dream didn't answer, but instead handed him some cooked mutton.

The boy eyed the meat and then Dream. He did take it from his hand, but refrained from digging in for the sake of another question. "Who are you?"

That was something Dream could answer with certainty. "My name's Dream, I travel the lands around here."

"I'm George", the boy answered with hesitation. "You're the guy who tried to kill my cows last night, right?"

Dream pressed his lips together in regret, making good first impressions wasn't exactly on the list of his skills.

"Sorry about that. You see, I barely had any food left and I figured you wouldn't mind sparing a cow or two."

"I don't care", George interrupted him. "Just take me back. I can't see my village from here." After a short pause, he continued. "Why did you take me anyway?"

Dream let out a nervous laugh. That was what he was trying to figure out for himself as well. "I couldn't tell if you were unconscious or dead. I wanted to care for your wound, but I don't know shit about first aid, and then the iron golem chased me."

George seemed to think about the words. In a moment of trust, he began eating the mutton and nodded.

"Okay, no hard feelings. But I still need to get back to my village."

Dream packed up the smoker and stood up, adjusting his armour.

"It's that way." He pointed to a seemingly random path. As far as the eye could see, there were either more plains or the beginning of forests in every direction. Naturally Dream remembered which way they came from, but George who couldn't recognize his surroundings, felt a little helpless.

Deciding there was nothing he could do about it, he figured he might as well start walking now and hope he got back to his village before the night invaded once again.

In a little awkward goodbye, George waved quickly and muttered "Alright, bye." Dream didn't even look at him anymore, instead working on the saddle of his horse. "See ya around", he said.

That was George's cue and he started walking in Dream's recommended direction, hands buried in his pockets.

Last night, he had seen a figure from his window sneaking around on his farm and quickly made a plan to ambush them from above when they had neared the shed. He knew he needed to take

extreme measures to protect his cattle, so he packed a pitchfork as well. He was the son of one of the most influential pair of traders in regards to farm animals and crops. However, his parents passed away due to disease and old age, and he quickly had the responsibility of feeding his village and maintaining the economy.

They had run into problems before, some stranger than the next. The crossing point of many trade routes had suddenly been turned into a massive lava pool for weeks, until it was mysteriously gone without a trace.

Then his village was cut off from the route by a huge ravine. Construction work for a bridge had started, even though no one could make sense of the phenomenon. The next day, the ravine was completely patched up, their bridge construction on even land.

George was just as puzzled as everyone else by these events, and thus determined to get to the root of them. Though he never had an idea of where to start. The incidents didn't show a pattern, they could happen anywhere and at any point. It was truly a mystery to George.

Suddenly, he stopped dead in his tracks. What if Dream was connected to this? He probably wasn't the cause, though. If he had the power to change land structures, he wouldn't have sneaked up on a cow with a sword and shield in hand. It didn't fit.

But he mentioned he travelled these lands. George only ever had the opportunity to ask other farmers about the occurrences, but Dream was someone new. If he didn't have any information as well, at least he might be able to point George to someone who did.

So it was decided. George turned around on his heel and quickened his pace until he spotted a horse and its rider in the distance. That must be Dream!

Catching up to them was a little exhausting, but George could manage it. Dream's horse had walked in a relaxed pace and Dream wasn't exactly headed in a particular direction, he had to figure out where the next village to loot was, now that George's village was out of the question.

Distracted by his thoughts, Dream didn't notice George until he stopped next to them, jogging along. "Dream", he gasped, "Dream, stop."

Dream looked at George with surprise, but stopped his horse regardless and turned to him. "Came back for me?"

Still panting and supporting himself on his knees, George continued. "I need to ask you something."

"Calm down first, George. Here, drink this." He handed him a medium-sized leather bag filled with filtered river water. George swallowed some of it, wiped off his mouth and began speaking in a clearer voice, which had a trace of concern.

"What do you know about the unnatural disasters that happen all over the land?"

Dream thought for a moment. "Well, no one really knows where they come from, or who causes them. Some believe it's crazy coincidences, some say the gods are seeking revenge."

George waited for Dream with stern eyes. As Dream noticed the serious face, he resumed his speculations a little flustered.

"I think one guy might've gotten some supernatural powers and is now messing with people." The claim was vague, but just what George wanted to hear.

“Do you have an idea who that could be?”

Dream didn't answer. Not because he had to think, he had the name in mind. But it was embarrassing to speak something so ridiculous out loud, and he regretted telling George more than he should have in the first place.

“Listen, my village relies on farming and trading. I wanna help them and any clue brings me a step closer. Doesn't matter if it's rumours, I wanna get to the bottom of this.”

Dream huffed, looking anywhere but into George's eyes.

“I suspect Skeppy.”

The name wasn't familiar to George, he wondered why Dream made a fuss about telling him. “Can you take me to him? I want him to stop whatever he's doing.”

Dream laughed nervously. “Yeah, okay. First of all, it's not even confirmed he's behind the disasters. Second, why would you wanna tag along with me? I'm a loner. I don't really have partners.” The topic of travelling partners reminded Dream of a certain someone...

“Oh, cut that out. I promise I'll carry my weight, just help me a little. Please. Do you have anything better to do?”

“As a matter of fact, I do”, Dream now said confidently. “I'm going to find the legendary Enderdragon, something many have tried but no one succeeded.”

George pressed his lips together in evaluation. Was this guy serious? The Enderdragon is a children's tale. As if he could read his mind, Dream continued talking.

“No really, it exists and I'm gonna fight it. I've found old maps of strongholds, which supposedly hold portals to enter its dimension. I've memorized them all. But I haven't located one of the strongholds yet.”

George played along, even though he still had doubts. “So how are you gonna find it?”

“The texts speak of a rare artefact called Eye of Ender. You can make it by mixing blaze powder with an Enderpearl. And that pearl, I have it. I've fought an enderman before, I swear. That's what convinced me the dragon must be real, too.”

George chewed on the inside of his cheek. Their goals didn't align, he needed Dream to get to Skeppy, but Dream didn't need him. This was bad.

“Let's work together”, he attempted. “I wanna find the dragon with you. A little detour to Skeppy won't inconvenience you.”

Dream pondered what he could get out of travelling with George.

He concluded it was nothing really, except for a little more manpower? Not that a farmer would know how to fight though.

But, there was something inside Dream. Bad memories about a former travelling partner filled his thoughts. Their separation had left a hole in Dream, in his bitterness he never wanted to travel with someone again. But perhaps it was time for a fresh start, a new attempt, something exciting to override what his supposed best friend had done to him years ago.

Maybe this was a good idea after all, albeit for selfish reasons. George didn't need to know.

“Okay. Yeah. Yeah, let’s go. We’ll go together.”

George’s face beamed with relief and determination. “Thank you! I won’t be a burden.”

Dream offered him a seat and George mounted the horse, holding onto the cold metallic armour on Dream’s waist.

The path before them wasn’t going to be easy, George and Dream figured. But with each other’s company, they felt a support they desperately needed. A wave of determination rushed through them, and they knew exactly what to do next.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it! Kudos and comments are appreciated.

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# The spruce forest

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream and George had been riding for a while. They occasionally stopped to eat, though supplies became scarce. Their conversations were lacking as well, just exchanges about how they needed to ration their food until they could get their hands on more.

When the sun began to set, the men had arrived at the bounds of a thick spruce forest. George squinted his eyes to see snowy mountains in the distance, apparently they had gone farther north. George remembered they hadn't really discussed what to do after joining forces, but Dream hadn't seemed careless, it was like he knew where he was going so George had trusted him for the time being.

"We should set up shelter", Dream noted. They dismounted the horse, which did in fact look exhausted as well.

"She's not used to two people." Completing George's thoughts again, Dream caressed the horse's mane, over her back, and she made a distressed sound. He fed her the last of their hay and threw in a carrot as well.

"What's her name?", George asked.

Dream seemed a little flustered and he shifted awkwardly.

"It's Pandas."

"I- What?" George was beyond perplexed.

"Shut up, I didn't choose it." Dream started to set up camp by connecting a large piece of fabric with two trees, granting camouflage and rain protection.

George figured he should help, so he constructed a quite poor-looking campfire. Dream chose not to comment it.

"I travelled with someone else a while ago", Dream opened the conversation over the campfire, while the both of them were looking at the sun disappearing on the horizon.

"We grew up together. Did everything together. But once I was set on finding the Enderdragon, he quit on me. Suddenly he had new friends, and he wanted to settle with them."

George didn't really know what to say. He couldn't pinpoint where this came from. Had Dream not talked to someone in a while, or why did he suddenly dump this information?

"But with them, he wasn't happy either. Begged me to take him back. I didn't, though, I was so heartbroken, you know?"

The sudden request for affirmation caught George off guard. He was still figuring out whether he was supposed to listen, show empathy or gossip about that stranger.

"Yeah, that's understandable."

Dream was content with that answer. "He named the horse Pandas. It's his name, backwards." He



chuckled. “Well, almost. And I kept it for convenience’s sake.”

“Where is he now?”, George dared to ask.

“I suppose you’ll see tomorrow. We’re going to visit the place I last saw him and his friends. I would’ve liked to avoid that place, but it can’t be helped. We need stuff, and officially I’m on good terms with them.”

And unofficially?, George almost asked, but decided not to further dig around in Dream’s emotions. He figured Dream told him this as context for their next destination. Perhaps a warning, careful, things might get awkward. George appreciated it.

By now their bodies felt heavy and George barely kept his eyes open. Yawning every once in a while, they prepared pillows with spare clothes, George was thankful for the mild temperatures and feared what might be expecting him if they needed to travel even farther north. They muttered their goodnights and fell asleep.

When the morning came, Dream was up first. He shared their last food, half an apple and two baked potatoes, before deciding to wake up George.

Dream had to admit, George still didn’t look half bad when he was sleeping. He definitely had an attractive face, and his expression was peaceful and innocent. Awake, he was more tense and cautious, Dream noticed.

It proved true this time as well, when George needed a panicked second to process where he was and what he was doing. This was still new to him.

Seeing Dream’s comforting face, however, let him remember yesterday and how after spending his entire life on the farm, he had taken on the responsibility of solving the mystery around the catastrophes.

This was certainly a time to get used to Dream’s face. George didn’t like to admit it, but he found Dream quite handsome. His messy blonde hair, stubbly chin and pale scar really screamed adventure. Those weren’t features George saw often; especially his striking eyes filled with persistence and strength, which George wasn’t used to seeing in his village at all.

“I’m gonna teach you.” Dream exclaimed out of nowhere, crafting a flimsy sword out of stone. George didn’t quite understand.

Over the indigent breakfast, Dream told him of the danger.

“Monsters stay clear of the light. But these forests are so thick and crowded, they find a way to survive in the shadows. In order to get through, we better prepare to fight.”

Dream opened a hand-drawn map.

“We’re somewhere around here”, Dream gestured to a smudge of doodles vaguely shaped like trees. “Their base is about these parts, so we’ll have to cross these hills.” George’s eyes followed Dream’s finger on the map, though he could barely make sense of the scribbles.

“It’s not the usual route I took to get there, but we can do it.”

Declaring that, he stood up, followed by George. They walked over to a free area, and George smiled at Pandas when he walked by, although she ignored him.

Dream handed George the stone sword and drew his own much nicer looking blade. He got into a wide fighting stance, which George figured he was supposed to mirror.

“Keep your centre of gravity low”, Dream noted in a serious tone. “Never take your eyes off your opponent. Try attacking me.”

George clumsily swung the sword, it was an unfamiliar sensation. The closest he had got to fighting in the past was threatening a zombified villager with his pitchfork who had got too close to his crops.

“Grip it tighter. Put more strength in it. And, don’t angle your feet like that-” Dream interrupted himself to walk to George’s side and correct his stance manually.

“Lower your body, straighten your back and don’t angle your wrist down”, he narrated while twisting George’s body to fit the standard. When he traced his hand over George’s to give it a straight angle, George swallowed. Dream kept his other hand on George’s back, and it felt a little inappropriate to him, as Dream was fairly close now and touching him all over.

Additionally, it was a little humiliating that apparently he couldn’t even stand correctly.

Dream held their position a second too long until he noticed George’s red ears. He stepped back, content with George’s stance now and got into position himself.

George attempted to swing his sword again, this time with more confidence. He figured concentrating on sword training was bound to take his mind off what just happened eventually.

Naturally, Dream blocked him, but his lips curled into a smile. “That was better.”

The training went on for a while, and George figured out that keeping his stance was a matter of practice and muscle memory; Dream admitted it came naturally to him, so it was a little difficult to teach George meticulously, not to mention their limited time.

Eventually Dream deemed him good enough. The training was only for hypothetical situations after all, they didn’t know what was lurking in the shadows.

So they decided to take a break before taking off. Dream told George about the time he tricked a witch by swapping the labels on her potions for poison and regeneration.

George in return spoke about his proudest moment being when he grew a pumpkin that weighed 90 pounds and his village thought they had been blessed and celebrated for days.

For this road, they didn’t travel on Pandas. The trees hung too low and she wasn’t nursed back to full health, so they walked.

Dream kept his eyes peeled way more cautiously than George, because he knew what to look out for. He had experienced the shift in lighting that was barely enough for monsters to survive.

George gripped his sword with furrowed brows, every crack a small jumpscare.

Pandas stopped first, sensing something approaching, which alerted Dream. He scanned the surroundings thoroughly until he spotted pale bones behind a spruce tree, where a skeleton stood to draw its bow. Dream held his shield ready, but George had no clue what was occurring. “Is something the matter?”, he innocently asked.

That was the moment an arrow came flying towards them. George reacted way too slow, but Dream shifted into position in front of him to cut off the line of fire, as the arrow hit his shield with a dull sound.

George now spotted the skeleton as well, and he realized he had no idea how to approach it. It

fought with a long-ranged weapon and they didn't carry anything of the sort, so he gave Dream an uncertain glance.

"I'll continue to block it. You go from the side while it's distracted", he ordered hissing between his teeth, focused on the battle.

George closed in on the foe in a semi-circle, using the trees to his advantage to escape its line of sight, until he stood in its blind spot and saw an opening.

A skeleton's weakness was the part of its spine between the ribcage and pelvis, so that was exactly where George made a sharp horizontal slice, cleanly separating the bones. The skeleton fell in on itself, and George thrust his sword down, shattering its skull with a mean crunch.

Dream sprinted towards the pile and his face beamed in wonder. "George, you're a natural! That was incredible!"

George chuckled shyly, not used to receiving praise but appreciating it anyway.

"We should probably take its bow, don't you think?", George suggested, to which Dream nodded.

"We don't want anyone else finding it", Dream added. He picked up the bow and they walked back to Pandas, making sure she was okay and knew the threat was gone.

They walked for another hour before climbing a fairly steep hill. Pandas resisted a bit, she was showing signs of exhaustion again. "Come on girl, it's not that far. We're almost there."

When the group reached the hilltop, they found a breathtaking sight. Down the hill in a much less steep angle was a little pond surrounded by flowers. The dandelions complemented the majestic rose bushes and George felt impressed. On their way down, they found a little stone well, and although it was broken and unusable, it gave the place a peaceful vibe. Even Pandas seemed less stressed.

"It's beautiful", Dream commented, but George felt like that word didn't capture what he was seeing.

"It's like a dream", he said instead.

They felt truly relaxed. George was inspecting the well when Dream got his attention calling his name. When George turned around, he simultaneously saw a dandelion in Dream's hair and felt a hand tucking a rose into his hair.

George smiled a little nervously, and a feeling formed in his guts. His heartbeat quickened and his ears felt warm.

Dream certainly noticed and backed away, he knew there was something in the air. Something about this place made him act differently, he figured.

"Let's move, George." Dream laced his voice with softness and gave another smile, and even though George was still smiling as well, he felt like he had to look away. There was definitely something in the air.

## Chapter End Notes

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## Only Hit 2

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A massive barn stood before them, the last rays of sunshine glistening around its silhouette. A sloppy hand-drawn logo marked the doors, George could read 'Only Hit 2'.

"This is the place", Dream announced more to himself than George, and maybe he had needed more mental preparation, but judging by the oncoming sunset, they had no time to waste.

So Dream knocked and waited. A few seconds of suspenseful silence followed, until one door was pushed open.

George identified a man about his age in a dark hood, carrying a majestic first-class sword on his back. Most noticeable were his eyes though, emitting a mysterious white light. When he noticed Dream, his serious demeanour vanished and he wrapped his arms around him.

"Dream! It's so good to see you!", he shouted, and George was taken aback by how his appearance didn't match his high-pitched voice at all.

"Good to see you too, Bad", Dream replied, his voice laced with fatigue. They stayed in that position for a second, and George was certain Dream was going to suffocate judging by how tight the embrace was.

When Bad let go, he turned to George and Pandas. "And who are you?"

George reached out his hand, preferring a handshake. "I'm George, Dream's travelling partner."

Bad was satisfied with that answer and invited them in.

The inside of the barn was cosy and decorated in a unique, quirky way. A number of lanterns hanging from the ceiling planks granted the barn comforting lighting. Self-made banners plastered the walls and strange items cluttered the floor. George could make out pieces of sugar cane, rails, carved pumpkins and several water buckets.

His observation was interrupted by more footsteps. A couple of men walked over from a corner. Both of them wore headbands, though one of them almost covered his eyes. Everything about his outfit was either grey or black, and George felt like he was looking at a shadow.

The other man wore brighter clothing, and he inspected George as they came closer.

George felt like a mannequin on display under his judging gaze, but Dream took both their attention off him. "Hey guys", he greeted them, though only the first man seemed convinced.

"Good to have you back here", he commented, and George figured from the accent that he wasn't from around these parts.

"It's good to be back." Dream cleared his throat. "A6d, Sapnap, that's George. We're travelling together. George, they are A6d and Sapnap."

George also exchanged handshakes with them, though the coldness of Sapnap's eyes on him ticked him off.

A6d took the role of taking Pandas to the other horses in an extension of the barn that included a fenced outdoor area. He assured them she could get all the food and rest she needed.

That included Dream and George too, they found out, as they were led to the same corner A6d and Sapnap had come from. Cloth draped over hay bales let them sit comfortably around an old

wooden table.

“Soo, what brings you guys here?”, Bad asked once they sat down, and Dream went all out explaining how they met, joined up and were now looking to speak with Skeppy.

At the mention of the name, Bad and A6d exchanged unsure glances. For a reason unknown to Dream and George, they changed the topic.

Passing the evening with recalling old stories and inside jokes, they talked deep into the night. Bad kept bringing more food and at some point, he gave everyone alcoholic beverages.

George had felt a little out of place with all the stories he hadn't been present for, but he was entertained by just listening anyway, which was amplified as he got a little tipsy.

Everyone enjoyed themselves, especially Dream and Sapnap were reminiscing about the old times. Sapnap had changed his seat during the evening and now sat to Dream's left, a peculiar tension between them.

George, on Dream's right, felt a little funny about this. Not to mention he was getting tired by now, so he dropped his head on Dream's shoulder and snuggled a little closer. The rational part of his brain was way too clouded, there was no common sense telling him off.

Naturally, Dream and Sapnap noticed George, and it made Dream stutter mid-sentence. Sapnap's competitive nature caught on fire, so as his first counter, he wrapped an arm around Dream's waist and softly turned his chin towards him with his hand, locking eyes with the blonde man.

Dream had rarely felt this emotionally conflicted. It was stressful, he didn't know how to react. He decided he would rather take down an army of silverfish than have his ex-best friend compete with his travelling partner for his attention.

But that was exactly the situation he was stuck in right now, George sat up huffing and shifted onto Dream's lap, giving Sapnap a winning smirk as Dream's breath hitched.

Due to everything happening in the span of a few seconds, Bad and A6d were more than confused. The scene that played out before them was so surreal, they could have been dreaming.

Alas it was very real, Sapnap was getting visibly ticked off. He scoffed at George and turned Dream's face towards him once again. “Don't look at him. Tonight you're all mine.”

George slapped Sapnap's hand away from Dream, diverting attention to himself. “Back off, who do you think you are?”

Dream swallowed nervously, this entire situation overwhelmed him too much, he needed to get out of there. He politely but quickly shifted out of both their grips, badly excused himself that he would check on Pandas, and escaped the scene.

George didn't want to call this a loss or a draw, so he turned to Sapnap and hissed “You know there's a reason he's not travelling with you.” Sapnap rolled his eyes unaffected.

“What do you know? You've met him two days ago and I grew up with him. Know your place, slut.”

After Bad had diffused the situation, everyone decided to end the night and get some rest. He made sure neither George nor Sapnap slept near Dream to grant him space.

It was already noon when George's eyes fluttered open. He felt terrible. His head hurt like never before, and he concluded he must have had one too many drinks last night. How late did they stay up?

Thinking about the past night, he remembered his bickering with Sapnap. He definitely went overboard, invading Dream's personal bubble like that had been way too inappropriate. Knowing what Sapnap did to Dream in the past made George feel like he needed to be defensive, though. Perhaps protective. Not that Dream wasn't able to protect himself, but George couldn't ignore this.

Now that he was more or less awake, George could take in the sight of the barn at daytime. Sunshine crawled through the cracked wood, casting lines on the wooden ground. Everyone was scattered around on simple beds, still sleeping soundly. George noticed that one bed was empty, and he inspected the others to come to the conclusion that Bad must be up already.

George got out of bed as well, an annoying headache still plaguing him, and looked around for Bad. He eventually spotted the dark hood near the stables, and walked over to him.

"Good morning", George greeted politely, and Bad turned around. He showed no trace of remembering the scene last night and smiled brightly.

"Good morning, George! I hope you slept well. You can go to the river to bathe, if you want to. Wake up Dream as well, we'll have breakfast when you two come back."

George agreed to the instructions.

Down by the river were scattered items as well, it was undeniably the spot that belonged to the barn. It looked just as cosy, with places to sit and chat, and a small wooden dock for fishing. Flowers surrounded these parts again, and George felt at ease.

There was a silent mutual agreement between George and Dream to keep their distance and not look at each other. Although George would lie if he said he hadn't peeked over his shoulder to catch a quick glance at Dream's muscular back, scarred from previous battles.

When they were all freshened up, they met with the others in the barn again. Everyone got together to eat a hearty breakfast, and Bad packed lots of supplies including water, food for them and Pandas, and warm clothes.

There was something sharp in the air between George and Sapnap, but no one wanted to address it. Eventually Bad made Sapnap and A6d disappear doing God knows which chores, and sat down to chat with George and Dream.

George suspected where the conversation would go, and for both their sakes, he quickly changed the topic. "Bad, I saw the writing 'Only Hit 2' outside on the barn. What does it mean?"

Bad let out a sigh. "The three of us originally lived in a mansion called Only Hit. But... Skeppy burned it to the ground when he went out of control, so we moved to this barn."

George wondered if Skeppy had some personal problems with these guys.

Then, Bad seemed to remember something. He smiled at George. "Have you told your village

you're gonna be travelling for a while?"

"I have not."

"Write a letter to them." Bad handed him parchment and a quill. "We have a super cool carrier pigeon", he declared proudly.

So George got to writing. Explaining how he got an ally to help him in discovering the causes of the terrible disasters and asking the people to take care of his crops and animals.

Meanwhile, Dream and Bad gave George his space to write and moved to the stables to get Pandas ready for the road. "I got a message this morning. I think you'll want to know this." Dream tilted his head in wonder, it was rare Bad spoke in such a serious tone.

"Skeppy is looking for you."

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it! Kudos and comments are appreciated.

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# Skeppy's threat

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The path they had to take to get to Skeppy was terribly laborious. His residence was out of the way, a nasty place you would end up if you neglected every signpost around.

To their right were massive cliffs that threatened to collapse every second, to their left was the open sea spiked with rocky reefs that battled the merciless waves.

George imagined a thousand scenarios where he'd die either of a rock avalanche or drown in the murderous tides.

They were sitting on Pandas, who had been opposed to even set hoof on this dangerous overhang, until Dream had lured her with sugar cubes.

Now they had been in this habitat for quite a while, and George was getting more uncomfortable by the minute. He didn't dare to look at either sight any longer, instead his eyes were glued to the shimmering back of Dream's iron chest plate.

"How long till we get there? I feel like I'm gonna throw up."

Dream shifted, and he spoke with unease. "I honestly can't tell. If we keep going, we're bound to find it eventually. This is the only path we can take."

In frustration, George groaned and let his head fall, his forehead hitting against the metal.

George had already counted every scratch on Dream's chest plate twice when they came to a halt. He sat up straight, they had just left the narrow path, which opened up to a larger field. Finally there were more trees, and in the distance hovered a snow-covered structure, a castle built into a mountainside with stone walls and watchtowers everywhere.

Now that they had more space, they both got off Pandas and Dream rummaged in his bags. "It's gonna be freezing," he announced. "Which colour do you want?"

He held up two mantles. They looked identical to George, and he contemplated whether Dream was messing with him.

He just picked one. As long as it kept them warm, George didn't mind.

They continued straight towards their destination. The wind whistled through the dead trees to their left and right and ran shivers down their spines. They heard agonizing moaning in the distance, Dream identified it as zombies.

The environment became less friendly as they hurried on, abandoned dead grass and caved-in mine entrances marking the ravages of time. The few houses they passed were overgrown with wildlife, nature had claimed them a long time ago.

Dream was surprised to see not a single soul the closer they approached the stone gates. The

watchtowers seemed empty and the drawbridge was down.

“You think no one’s home?”, George theorized.

“No, they were expecting us.” Dream wore a face more serious than ever as he tied Pandas to a fencepost outside the moat.

The way to the main hall was straight before them, even though George inspected the rest of the exterior of the castle from afar. When they entered, an abundance of torches lit the way, though their light could not reach the high ceiling. George never felt smaller.

Their footsteps echoed from the cold walls, which had decorative elements of reflecting gold, diamonds, and other materials George had never seen before. Everything just screamed splendour.

Looking around with an open mouth, he barely noticed when Dream stopped. He extended an arm for George to walk against, bringing him back to reality. He glanced at Dream and then checked what Dream stopped for.

Before them stood an elevated throne made out of pure diamond. George didn’t dare to estimate the value in comparison to his crops. It could have easily fit three people, but just a single man laid spread across it. His gaze met George’s and he felt helpless. Was this Skeppy? Was he a king? Was George supposed to bow?

Dream took a step forward, redirecting the attention onto him.

“What do you want from me?”

Skeppy laughed cheekily. “You listened to my call like a dog.”

Dream just scoffed. As if he had a choice.

“I heard you’re looking for the Enderdragon.”

Dream furrowed his brows. “Yeah?”

“Well, stop.”

George’s throat became dry, but Skeppy continued.

“I’ve had to deal with your shenanigans for too long. It was fun at first, but now it’s just embarrassing. You don’t even know how to find the stronghold.”

George hated his cocky attitude. He wanted to snap at him so bad, Dream was doing nothing wrong, if anything Skeppy was the one inconveniencing everyone with his shenanigans. Who did he think he was, being so disgustingly confident?

But no sound escaped his mouth. Something didn’t let him speak.

Dream needed to consider his next words carefully. It was true, at the moment he was stuck. Blaze powder, that was the next step to create an Eye of Ender. But where could one find such an item? Dream didn’t know. But he knew Skeppy didn’t know, either.

“What are you gonna do to stop me?”

Skeppy clicked his tongue in annoyance. “In case you haven’t noticed, I have the power to turn the

floor under your feet into lava, so I wouldn't talk big if I were you. Not to mention I have a whole army under my control. Now get out of my sight before I lose my patience."

George's chest felt weirdly restricted. There were so many things he wanted to spit out now that the cause of the terrible disasters stood before him, some between angry rants to fight him head-on and begging for mercy for the sake of his village.

But he just wasn't able to.

Dream let Skeppy have the last word and gestured for George to come along. They left the way they had come from, now down the hallway. But George didn't pay any attention to the decorations this time.

When they reunited with Pandas, Dream spoke first. "We'd better stay low-key for a while until he's off our track. We-"

"Dream!", George yelled.

"Dream, I hate this!"

Dream blinked at him in surprise.

"Dream, I wasn't intimidated, but I couldn't tell him off at all. I finally stood face to face with him, but I was a coward."

Dream gave a crooked smile. "He just has that effect on people."

"And I don't understand. Why does he care about you hunting the Enderdragon if he's so powerful already?"

"See, it's never enough. He always wants more. Defeating the Enderdragon would give him massive amounts of respect. He wants more people admiring him, following his every word. And a legend like the dragon is a lucrative target. Some people are just like that."

"Not you though?"

Dream took a sip from his water, averting his eyes. "Nah."

## Chapter End Notes

Going off of a protanopia colour wheel, bright orange and green would look the same to George, so I had the opportunity to play around with that when Dream offered him to choose between two mantles.

Additionally, I hope I don't have to explain this but George couldn't speak with Skeppy because he didn't give him talk power lolol

As always, I hope you liked it! Kudos and comments are appreciated.

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# Over the campfire

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The encounter with Skeppy left both Dream and George unsettled. George thought about how Dream had seemed to give in, and it confused him.

Surely Dream wouldn't abandon his plans because some high-and-mighty wanna-be told him to.

Of course George knew the ability of that wanna-be now, he had seen that his threats were to be taken seriously. But would it let Dream get discouraged?

Apart from the mess around Skeppy, George felt something else plague his mind. He wasn't going to address it, or at least not verbally, but it didn't want to leave his thoughts.

George saw the scene play out before him again; sitting on Dream's lap in the dull lighting of the barn where his masculine face had been highlighted in just the way that made George's heart jump, fighting with Sapnap for his attention.

It had been out of desperation and drunkenness, or else George would've never advanced on anyone like that.

But during the amusing nights in his village where he might have had one too many beers with his buddies, he had never felt the desire to behave like that, ever.

What about Dream made him do this?

The first answer George considered was that he had been looking out for Dream not to get charmed by the idiot with the headband.

Dream had told him about their history together, and how Sapnap had chosen other people over Dream, how it broke his heart. It was natural wishing to protect Dream from getting caught in that web of suspense again, right?

Or was there something else?

George struggled against his mind, but he simply had to admit invading Dream's personal space couldn't have been the only way to 'protect' him. And yet, even if it was in a drunken state, he had decided to act it out anyway.

Dream mustered George occasionally while setting up camp in the crevice of a mountainside he had deemed to be fairly safe. George appeared to be completely lost in thought, and Dream wondered whether he was still angry at himself for being unable to spit his complaints in Skeppy's face. He would've liked to witness that sight, an angry George. Dream had already seen the farmer boy sleeping, fighting monsters, picking flowers, and—

And bathing. And on his lap.

Dream inhaled sharply just recalling the memory, and a pool of uncertainty formed in the pit of his stomach.

Dream had known for a long time he liked men after ‘experiments’ with Sapnap when they first went out on their travels, so that wasn’t his concern.

He pondered if he could possibly feel this way about George. Something in him scolded him for even considering it when he had only known George for a few days.

But something about him drew Dream in. His natural battling abilities were impressive, and casually talking to him about everything and nothing always felt comforting and right. Additionally, he loved his soft face and how his cheeks had turned bright red when Dream had gifted him that flower. It was just too cute not to notice.

Though most of all, when he begged Dream to let him come on his travels, he seemed so determined and strong-willed.

Prior to discovering George’s village, Dream had almost forgotten his goal, or at least found himself travelling without a direction. Not to mention his supplies had been almost always low, and he had felt close to giving up.

But he never would’ve endured the shame from his village, which had already ridiculed him once it had made word he would be leaving to look for ‘a stupid children’s tale’. Going home to admit they were right all along was out of the question.

When he had found and killed the Enderman, that was a major point for Dream to keep going. The time seemingly lacking progress after that had drained his motivation.

Until George restored it.

When he had asked what Dream could possibly be doing, Dream had seen an opportunity to manifest his goal before his inner eye once more, and gaining George’s allyship had filled him with new determination and the will to travel with a trusted partner.

George... made him a better person.

The sun had disappeared behind the snowy mountains a long time ago, and yet both men refused to go to sleep. George picked at a scab on his arm, Dream poked the burning wood of the campfire with a stick. Nothing but the crackling of fire and their breaths made a sound, as both were deep in thought.

“George?” “Hey, listen-”

George pressed his lips together.

“You first”, Dream invited.

“I wanted to apologise for coming onto you like that at Bad’s place. That wasn’t appropriate, it won’t happen again”, he hurried to say.

Dream opened and closed his mouth. He saw the guilt in George’s eyes that reflected the sparks of the campfire that his eyes were seemingly stuck on.

“What if I want it to happen again?”, he breathed.

George flinched and looked up at him in shock. “What?”

Dream swallowed and shifted over, diagonally in front of George, and reached out to his face.

“Kiss me, George. Kiss me right now.”

George felt this was a peculiar interpretation of repeating the scene—would they have kissed then if Dream hadn’t left?

But he couldn’t deny him, could he?

So George softly pressed their lips together, his chest bubbling with excitement as if a thousand birds had been released from their cage. A trembling hand found its way into Dream’s soft hair, massaging the scalp until he held onto him, a connection so intimate he had never experienced before.

Dream sighed into the kiss, the warmth from George making the need for a campfire obsolete. The tension in his shoulders washed away, his face felt flushed and fuzzy and he never wanted this to end.

Alas, George pulled away eventually, leaving their lips red and puffy. He needed a moment to catch his breath and both men looked at each other with half-lidded, lovestruck eyes.

George was the first one to really move, burying his head in the nook of Dream’s shoulder, closing his eyes. “I’m tired”, he breathed.

Dream stroked over George’s back, his eyes closed as well.

With a fondness he didn’t know his voice was capable of, he answered.

“Me too. I love you.”

## Chapter End Notes

We're at the half-way point! Thank you for anyone sticking around this far. This chapter is a little recap-ish, and I wanted to pay more attention to Dream's thoughts and feelings. Next chapter will be filled with action and adventure again!

As always, I hope you liked it! Kudos and comments are appreciated.

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# The Nether

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

As the weeks went by, their fondness of each other grew massively. Dream showed his confident side more often by throwing pick-up lines at George, which often left him with an eye roll and a flustered grin.

George called him an idiot a lot, sure, but Dream sensed the softness in his eyes and figured it was his way of showing love.

Because that was his only way, Dream certainly noticed that George never verbally expressed he explicitly loved Dream.

Thus, a tension mixed with exciting sparks surrounded the men.

What had followed after the faithful kiss over the campfire were weeks of travelling to different villages, regularly stocking up and sometimes getting a better place to sleep than the hard forest ground.

Dream was also completely invested in his research for the blaze powder. George noticed he talked to the clerics of the villages a lot. One night, Dream had come into their rented room in an inn, yelling in excitement about ‘proof of another dimension’ while holding some sort of glowing rock. They weren’t allowed to sleep another night in that inn.

But George would be lying if he said he wasn’t excited as well.

Currently, they were enjoying the warmth of the sun by the well of the village they were currently residing in. George leaned against the cold stone with closed eyes, the rays of sunshine softly tickling his skin. Dream was sitting on the ground near George, his back against the well, with his nose buried in a book.

George was thinking about everything and nothing when Dream suddenly let out excited “Oh”s and “Ah!”s.

He interrupted his sunbathing to sit with Dream, giving him a curious look.

“Okay, get this,” Dream started, “apparently that glowstone I got some time ago is a natural resource in a place called Nether, and can be found nowhere else.”

He gave George a short pause to nod in order to confirm he didn’t sound too crazy speaking about another dimension.

“Some unique monsters thrive there”, he glanced at a chart on a worn-down page, “including blazes.”

“That’s what we need”, George nodded once more.

Dream pressed his lips together in thought, skimming another page to make sure he was citing it accurately. “If we can obtain obsidian, and build a frame out of it, and... I guess, light it on fire, we can get there.”

George squinted his eyes at the seemingly random instructions. “Are you sure?”, he asked cautiously.

Dream huffed as a response, but reflected on his words.

“It’s our only lead.”

So that was what they decided to do next. Finally a concrete quest with the goal to obtain obsidian. After returning the book to the cleric, Dream and George were entrusted with two pickaxes by the blacksmith. They looked to be brand new and made from a material they identified as diamond. George felt a little out of place wielding such an expensive tool, but Dream seemed right at home and displayed it pridefully wherever he went.

The blacksmith also told them directions to a nearby cave, which was supposedly full of obsidian if you dared to go deep enough. His voice had been laced with a warning undertone, but for Dream and George, there was no going back.

The cave wasn’t half as scary as the blacksmith made it out to be. The entrance was well lit until they came across spots where coal and iron ore must’ve been mined. Following that, they just placed their own torches on the way.

After climbing down for a while, George’s legs felt quite heavy, and he was about to suggest taking a break, when they entered a massive hollow room. The floor was a shade of deep black when Dream placed a few torches around the area.

George kneeled down to let his hand graze over the strange material. It had cooled a long time ago.

Dream held a tight grip on his pickaxe. “Let’s get to work.”

George followed after, mimicking Dream in his attempts to mine the volcanic glass.

It turned out it was an incredibly tedious chore, and George’s arms started feeling heavy pretty soon after starting. They had made a bit of progress, but definitely not enough for a frame of a size of two grown men standing up.

George groaned in frustration. “The last time work went so slow was when I tried to grow my crops in a terrible drought.”

Dream chuckled. “I remember when I was stuck in mud in a swamp while running from a horde of slimes. It was probably seconds, but it felt like hours until I could move. Ugh, I can still hear their squelching sounds coming towards me in hundreds.”

George swallowed his comment of Dream probably exaggerating the number, but decided to play along. “I would’ve saved you.”

Dream gave another chuckle at the image in his head. “Why thank you, Prince Charming. And they lived happily ever after.”



“Well no”, George scoffed, amused. “You’re the knight after all.”

“And you’re my stay at home wife?”, Dream wheezed.

George silently admitted the laughter was contagious, a grin spread across his face. “Sure, I’ll do the cooking and cleaning.”

They joked about domestic life as a distraction from the monotonous work for a long while. George didn’t even notice the time passing by until Dream stopped to inspect their stash.

“I think this might work.” He turned around to George. “Let’s call it a day. Tomorrow, it’s gonna get serious.”

Together, they packed up the obsidian and made their way up. Another night in the inn, but George had trouble falling asleep, the picture of him and Dream living together peacefully on repeat in his mind.

At the earliest convenience, Dream wanted to hit the road. He was incredibly excited to test it out, it would be a massive step forward in their journey.

Leaving the village behind, they found a remote spot surrounded by some hills where they could stack the obsidian and form a solid frame. Dream had been in charge of finding a way of lighting it on fire, which he ended up doing with a flint and steel.

A dull whispering exited the mysterious purple. George couldn’t take his eyes off the swirls that formed in the frame, exuding violet particles.

Dream stuck his hand through the wall experimentally to find it went straight through. He sensed a tingling in the areas the swirls touched, though.

Concluding the next possible action, he stepped into the purple completely, the whispering making his head dizzy. Nonetheless, he turned around and extended a hand, which George promptly grabbed, his mouth still open in wonder.

Their hands connected, George could’ve sworn he felt Dream shaking a little. He was distracted by the intrusive sensations all over his body though, and a terrible shrieking that invaded his mind and scared off every thought that he tried to form.

A pure feeling of pain and dread waved over them until Dream stumbled forward.

George imitated the move, as he felt himself unable to let go of Dream’s hand.

Their eyes fluttered open and began to tear up immediately. An unbearable heat engulfed them. George’s eyes got used to the new lighting first, and the terrible sounds that had clouded his thoughts slowly left as well.

The sight before him was hopeless. A ginormous ocean of lava stretched out into nothingness. The bubbling of the smoking liquid filled him with anxiety.

Dream panted heavily and rubbed his head. Apparently he needed a moment to recover.

George let go of Dream's hand to turn around to the portal, which was still murderously hissing at him.

Though, behind it, he spotted a way forward.

"Dream, let's go this way."

Dream now turned as well and furrowed his brows. "Let's see what we can find."

Walking through the Nether proved as dangerous, but also weirdly intriguing. Strange structures appeared before them every time they turned a corner; little islands in the middle of a lava lake, clusters of glowing rocks on the ceiling and exposed quartz ore.

Even stranger were the creatures they tried to avoid. With faces and bodies similar to pigs, but mostly rotten away in a mouldy green and exposed bones, they certainly didn't look friendly.

"What are we looking for, exactly?" George asked after a while.

Dream gestured helplessly. "Some yellow-ish floaty thing."

George huffed in uneasiness. Perhaps they should've prepared more before entering this dimension. Crossing dimensions was, as George now knew, plainly exhausting. The portal did things to him he couldn't describe, physically and mentally, as if it tried to drain his spirit. Not to mention the freaky pig guys, which were surely the cause for the terrible smell of burnt flesh. Additionally, the danger of the scalding lava—

— was something George almost first-handedly felt.

If Dream hadn't reacted so quickly in grabbing his sleeve.

George found himself only held by Dream over the edge of a completely exposed merciless sea of lava.

Did he slip?

Dream hurried to heave him over the edge with all the strength he had, considering George's limp body made no effort to be pulled up.

They stumbled back on the mushy ground, Dream trapping George in a tight embrace, before screaming at the top of his lungs.

“You IDIOT!”

George was in complete and utter shock as his life flashed before his eyes. It could've all been over. His eyes wide open, not particularly focused on anything, he barely felt Dream start to tremble.

George gasped the life back into his stiff body and moved to look at Dream, whose face was a mess.

“What the hell George, do you want to die or what...”, he muttered with trembling lips, tears stinging the corner of his eyes.

George's own eyes began tearing up at the sight, and he fell back in the hug. “I am so so sorry”, he whispered. “I don't know what I was doing, I was lost in thought and not paying attention, I...”

Dream swallowed and sighed in an attempted to calm his nerves. “Never do that again, ever”, he ordered. “I was so panicked.”

George let a tear roll down his cheek. “Thank you for... saving my life?”, he asked hoarsely. It could've all been over, so quickly.

Both men stood up with weak knees, George still leaned on Dream for support. They proceeded walking at a slow pace, now hyper-aware of the edge.

Navigating was difficult, but Dream could make it work. He had a general idea of which direction the portal was, and would probably find their way back. Right now though, finding a blaze was the priority.

It took another few minutes of walking and scanning the area until Dream spotted something new. It looked man-made, a castle-like structure out of dark bricks, with long pillars descending into the lava lake. One of the open hallways connected to the land they were walking on, and Dream headed straight for the promising construction.

George was the first one to catch a glimpse of an entity flying in mid-air in the distance. “Hold on”, he stopped Dream, “Is that-?”

Dream gasped, and quickened his pace. In a straight line, not taking his eyes off the enemy, he got his sword and shield ready.

Luckily so, because half a second after, a flaming fireball came flying their way. Dream reacted way faster than George, stumbling in front of him to shield both of them.

George flinched at the dull sound of the projectile hitting the shield. He took out his sword as well, a newly crafted iron blade, which had been another present from the blacksmith.

Dream approached the blaze a little recklessly, but he managed to avoid the fiery missiles. Once they got close enough, they surrounded the blaze and Dream swung his sword forcefully across the

floating rods while George delivered powerful thrusts to the head. The smoke that the creature emitted blurred their vision and made them cough, but with a final attack, the metallic body shattered with a frightful scream.

Dream swooped up the rods in a little velvet bag, leaving the shattered head to rot away for all he cared. Next, he pressed his hands together over the bag, satisfied to hear cracking sounds. He continued the massaging process until the shattered pieces were in fine grains. George watched him a little perplexed, but decided not to intervene.

Next, Dream retrieved his Enderpearl. The shiny orb reflected his concentrated face until he stuffed it in the bag and gave it a good shake. In truth, he had no idea how he was supposed to combine the two, considering powder wouldn't exactly stick to the smooth, round surface of a pearl, but he tried his luck.

To his surprise, the attempt worked. Once he opened the bag, the pearl looked different and almost no powder was left.

The deep turquoise had taken on a brighter green shade, and the pupil, if one wanted to call it that, had gone from a circle to a slit, similar to a cat.

A crooked grin spread across Dream's face as he turned the newly made Eye of Ender to George.

George reciprocated the smile still somewhat confused and inspected the Eye as well. Like a cat, he internally noted.

"That's incredible", Dream commented, looking at the Eye again. "It's incredible!", he echoed himself.

George found himself grinning at Dream's excitement, his heart fluttering just a little.

"Let's gooo!"

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it! Kudos and comments are appreciated.

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# Private night

## Chapter Notes

I'm gonna have to admit I really procrastinated writing this because I was really uncomfortable with minors reading this.  
I'm not really one to talk since I skipped warnings like this all the time but now that I'm 18 myself,,  
Please if you're underage, do me and yourself a favor and skip this chapter ngl

Just as Dream had anticipated, navigating out of the Nether was child's play in his euphoria. The Eye of Ender stored safely in his pocket, they recklessly ventured back to the portal, although George felt unnerved about how close Dream was walking to the edge. It was like he was blinded from exhilaration.

The crossing through the portal back into the world they knew didn't go half as bad. While George still felt a tingling all over, the horrifying whispers couldn't quite attack his mind like they did the first time.

When they stepped out of the portal, a starry night sky greeted them. The time had progressed in their world as well, Dream noticed.

"Good timing", George commented upon the sight, stretching his arms out and yawning.

Dream also slowly felt his high fading and the tiredness kicking in. It was silently agreed, they would continue tomorrow. So close, yet so far.

The way back to the village, their safe haven, went uneventful in terms of encounters with creatures of the night. The residents of the village had put up torches in a large radius around their village as well, which explained why it was still bustling with life when Dream and George returned.

On a quick decision, they went over to the farmland to buy two slices of pumpkin pie, feeling like they earned such luxury.

They sat down on some wooden logs at a fairly secluded location of the village, with a view of their trusted blacksmith still working into the night and the moon rising behind his forge.

Dream ate his sugary treat in silence until George spoke up.

"Dream, I wanted to thank you again... for saving me back there."

Dream just waved his hand. "Of course", he confidently mumbled between chewing. After swallowing, he looked at George. "I know you'd do the same for me."

George locked eyes with Dream and his heart melted right then and there. His tense shoulders relaxed softly and he let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. His lips transformed into a gentle smile and he did what he deemed the only logical thing to do; kiss Dream on the lips.

The latter was surprised at first, but quickly gave in to the gesture. After their first kiss over the

campfire, it hadn't happened again, because Dream had left it to George to engage first. It had turned out he had left Dream yearning for it multiple times after hinting he would kiss him, but never committing. So this was a welcome move.

Though again, George pulled away before Dream even considered stopping. He chased his lips with a breath; a breath he sharply inhaled again when he felt George's hand travelling up his thigh. His brown eyes were filled with something else, an odd passion Dream hadn't seen from him before.

"Let's go somewhere private, Dream", he whispered faintly.

Dream blinked at him, the implication creating scenarios in his head he never would've admitted out loud, though he couldn't say he was opposed to the idea, thus nodding silently with reddening cheeks.

George thought it was quite amusing, making Dream lose his composure with a kiss and a few sweet words. But, he was willing to go through with his innuendo.

So he took Dream by the hand and practically lead him to the inn.

Once they entered the room they had rented, George was all over Dream. He wrapped his arms around his neck, now trapping him in a more passionate kiss, while Dream's hands trailed down George's torso to fumble with the hem of his shirt. As George noticed, he let go momentarily to give Dream a chance to pull the shirt over his head.

It wasn't a new sight for Dream, but breathtaking nonetheless. George's slim body had gained slightly toned muscles ever since they trained together.

"Let's get this stuff off you", George said as he helped Dream remove his armour from their Nether trip, as well as the garments underneath.

Dream's body was naturally more muscular than George's, having endured and won many battles. This was also proven by the several scars that marked his upper body, which George felt the need to brush his fingers over.

He placed multiple soft kisses on Dream's collarbone while his hands explored the robust body until he stopped at his pants.

George cupped the growing tent, rubbing his hand in a circular motion while throwing Dream a teasing smile, who was busy pressing his lips together to suppress his groans.

Suddenly George dropped to his knees, half-lidded eyes targeting Dream's crotch. He pulled off the garments until he held Dream's member in his hand, giving it experimental strokes with lustful eyes.

Dream felt himself growing harder in George's hand and his breathing hitched when George placed a kiss on the tip; which did not go unnoticed, and George tried to get another reaction out of Dream with taking his dick into his mouth, bobbing his head in a slow rhythm.

Dream delivered the desired reaction in exhaling a long sigh and gently grabbing a handful of George's hair.

George continued his motion until Dream clicked his tongue and pulled George's head away, connecting the tongue of his panting mouth with the tip of his dick through an obscene thread of

saliva.

“You’re really sexy like this, George”, he muttered unfiltered.

Dream kicked off his pants completely now, which George mirrored. They climbed onto the bed, with George laying on his back and Dream over him, as their lips crashed together once more.

This time it was Dream who pulled away from the kiss, only to place several more on George’s face, neck and chest. He caressed his face lightly until he slipped two fingers into George’s mouth, who accepted them with a low hum.

He let his tongue wet the digits until Dream removed them, only to sit up straight and enter them into George, who gasped at the odd, yet pleasurably intimate sensation.

Dream slowly pumped into him at a comfortable rhythm, taking his time to stretch George nicely.

George was getting exceedingly impatient though, grinding his hips needily into Dream’s tender moves. “Dreaaaam...”, he whined quietly.

Dream chuckled lovingly. “You think you can take it?”, he asked, barely waiting for an answer as he retrieved his fingers. Simultaneous with him lining up with George’s hole, the latter nodded, mumbling slurred ‘Yes’ over and over again.

Dream held up one of George’s legs, the other hand guiding his member into George, gradually increasing the depth with regular check-in’s on George’s face.

George on the other hand didn’t feel like he needed the gentle treatment; he wanted Dream and he wanted him now.

Even though the unfamiliar feeling in his bottom stung, being connected with Dream like this filled him with exhilaration. As he got used to Dream in him, it matched the joy in his guts and he couldn’t help touching himself.

Dream let him, rather concentrated on finding a slow rhythmic pace that wouldn’t overwhelm George. He massaged soft circles into George’s thigh, occasionally unable to hold back a low groan when George’s tight heat felt just right.

George was at the mercy at both Dream and his own hand, and pleasure he’d never felt before engulfed him.

As Dream’s thrusting went on, he let more moans slip out, a ‘Dream’ here, a ‘Harder, please’ there, until Dream angled his hips just right to hit his sweet spot, making George arch his back in surprise.

Dream bit his lip at the sight before him, etching George’s desperate face into his mind forever. He made sure to thrust into George the same way until the brunet’s pants sped up, his legs trembled, and he finally came, dirtying his stomach.

The sight helped Dream reach his orgasm with a few more overstimulating thrusts as well, filling George with his load while muttering hushed ‘I love you’s repeatedly.

When George’s head cleared from his high, he shifted to let Dream slip out, immediately feeling cum trickling out of him, and was unsure what to think about it.

Dream leaned forward to place a kiss on George’s sweaty forehead, then fetched a cloth from their bags to clean up the little mess.

George gave him loving smiles and glances, and even as they cuddled together when exhaustion took over their minds, he continued to place little kisses on Dream's skin.

But rather than what George did, it plagued Dream's mind what he didn't do.

George still hadn't told Dream he loved him.



# Surprise

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When George woke up, the sky was still dark and the only sound was the wind bristling through the tall trees. The village's nightlife had long settled down, and their morning routine hadn't begun. It could've only been a couple of hours.

So why did George wake up? He didn't know himself, he sat up with his eyes still fixated on the window.

There was something in the air he couldn't quite pinpoint. It made him feel uneasy in a way.

Nothing about the experience with Dream for sure, he pressed his lips together in an attempt to suppress a grin.

On the note of Dream, George turned to face the sleeping man next to him. The way the moonlight hit his cheekbones made George want to plant kisses on that face, especially the inviting slightly parted lips.

As George leaned in, his eyes steadily getting used to the dark, he spotted something else crouching next to the bed, back pressed against the wooden frame.

A person?

George blinked several times and extended a nervous hand, which he promptly withdrew when the figure moved. It was in fact a person, though the way they moved was too graceful and precise to be humanly possible.

They shoved George with a force that almost made him tumble off the bed, the moonlight illuminating piercing hazel eyes.

In the swift motion, George could inspect the person at least a little bit better; a man around his age, with slightly longer unkempt brown hair. The long scarf caught George's eyes immediately, weirdly pulled up from his neck to cover half of his face.

The push made George exclaim a surprised yell, which earned a groan from Dream, who didn't even bother to open his eyes until half a second later, when the strange man turned his body away from George and towards Dream, straddling his chest.

The latter was way too groggy to fully understand what was going on, but reached for his sword leaning against the bedside table out of instinct.

The reaction was not fast enough, as the scarfed man drew a small blade and took a swing, aim fixed around Dream's chest.

It was George's turn now, and he used it by throwing his entire weight against the other man. The blade got stuck in Dream's shoulder instead, signalled by a pained roar.

George wrestled the man off the bed in an attempt to pin him down, which almost succeeded.

When George was on top of him, Dream was already getting on his feet next to them, still shook from the attack yet his hand gripped tightly around the handle of his sword.

Slight panic written on his face, the man delivered a forceful chop to George's side, who yelped out in pain, causing him to loosen his grip.

Now with more freedom to move, he yanked one of Dream's legs, who was way too unstable to withstand and thus fell.

As swiftly as he appeared, the man used the chance to disappear into the night again.

George's short pants and Dream's pained groans were the only sounds filling the now quiet room, until George shuffled to his feet.

He knelt next to Dream, who covered the area around the wound with his hand, which was overflowing and covered in fresh blood.

"Let me see", George whispered, softly pulling on Dream's wrist, who hesitantly obliged.

The blade had been rammed in down to the handle, and sloppily tilted to create an opening. Streams of scarlet ran down his chest and arm. It was a whole bloody mess, and it would've been even bloodier if the attacker had hit his mark.

George put his hand in Dream's. "It's fine. Let's get you patched up."

Without the need for more words, they exited their room in the inn, which apparently had not noticed anything of the brief battle.

The shared washroom was on the same floor, only a couple of steps. George made a mental note to scrub the wooden floor clean later, which Dream was currently dirtying with drips from his fingertips.

They found a private spot near some high-elevated windows, so that at least a little light would help them see.

George exchanged a look with Dream, almost a pitying gaze. He grabbed the blade and quickly pulled back with a precise force. Dream flinched back and moaned in pain, hand instinctively landing on his exposed wound.

George moved the hand away with concentrated brows, and replaced it with a wet washcloth.

The temperature change made Dream grit his teeth and close his eyes in pain. George muttered a 'shhh' in an attempt to soothe Dream, one hand now gently stroking his knee.

The wound definitely wasn't pretty, the gap looked messy and the blood flow didn't seem to want to end.

The longer they went on cleaning Dream up, the more relaxed he seemed to look. He was the first one to speak up as well.

"You know, this is nothing compared to that time a skeleton shot me with three fire arrows in the back. Three, and they were on fire, can you imagine?"

George just answered with a grin to Dream's boasting. Of course he somehow had to prove this wasn't the worst thing that had happened to him, even though it might've been and that would have been okay.

As if Dream had read his mind, he lowered his head.

“Oh, and thanks for saving me there. Guess I was a little out of it.”

“You did just wake up, how else should you have reacted?”

Dream shifted on his wooden stool. “I don’t know, I’m usually better at reacting to surprise attacks.”

George remembered the times Dream’s reflexes had saved his life. The skeleton, the lava, the blaze. “Do assassins try to kill you that often?”, he half-jokingly answered.

“No. I think Skeppy sent that guy, honestly.”

George held still for a second.

“He must’ve gotten word that we were making progress for getting to the dragon.”

It was Dream’s turn to grin. “Hell yeah we are”, he bragged as if any more moles were listening.

“That’s all the more reasons not to get discouraged by something like this, then.” George reached out for the woven basket filled with emergency supplies, taking out bandages.

“After we went to see Skeppy, and you couldn’t say anything to him, I was really scared you were going to suggest we part ways.”

George tilted his head in confusion.

“I mean, your part of the deal was done. You could’ve just left me to deal with the dragon myself after your mission kind of failed.”

When George didn’t answer, Dream continued.

“Especially these last few weeks it felt like I was dragging you around to chase my own goal.”

George needed a second to process Dream’s train of thought. He decided to be honest.

“I never once considered travelling separately after the encounter with Skeppy. Especially after we kissed that time, I...”

Dream let him pause, but fixated him with expectant eyes.

George felt himself unable to look directly at Dream and he fumbled with his hands.

“After we kissed, I think I’ve started to fall in love with you.”

Dream’s face melted into a soft smile, wholly taking in the faint blush on George’s cheeks.

“George, I love you so much. I never wanna go separate ways again.”

George blushed at the implications and now faced Dream to answer, but the way he looked at him like he was his entire world made him swallow his words.

“I’m so glad to have met you”, Dream added, and leaned in for a gentle kiss, which George accepted. He smiled into the kiss, petting Dream’s hair.

When Dream pulled away, George finally spoke again.

“What does that make us now?”

Especially in regards to what happened a couple of hours ago, he continued in his head.

Dream had been introducing him as a travel partner, but that term was hardly appropriate now.

“I don’t wanna put a label on us yet. There’s so much else going on. Let’s just... talk about that when we’ve defeated the dragon, yeah?” Dream’s voice was laced with nervousness, but George barely cared. Maybe waiting for that official label was for the better.

By now George was done treating his shoulder as well, so George hummed in agreement as he packed up.

Fingers intertwined, they made their way back to the room in hopes to get at least a couple more hours of sleep until it was time to follow the Eye of Ender.

## Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! Jeez, I'm the CEO of going on spontaneous hiatus all the time. Sorry about that. We're back with another chapter though! Can y'all recognize the attacker?

If you want to be updated on hiatus times, future works and sneak peeks, consider following my Instagram @caramelcursed. Bonus: Art!

As always, do leave kudos and comments if you enjoyed this chapter <3

# The Stronghold

## Chapter Notes

Mind the tags.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream considered himself to be the luckiest man in the world, because when he woke up, the first thing he saw was George's gorgeous features, gently kissed by the first rays of sunshine on the horizon.

Dream had truly fallen in love with this face, and for a second, he imagined both of them to be in a cozy home, another day of spending the rest of their lives together, maybe they'd get a cat or some chickens, and George would cook them soup when Dream returned from hunting for the day and—God, Dream needed to stop these fantasies.

They made him feel all warm inside, and he felt like sliding under the covers and sleeping for another couple of hours, holding George close and never letting him go.

But alas, they had a pressing objective to take care of. If Skeppy had gotten word of them being in this village, they would have to leave quickly.

So he shuffled out of the bed, already missing George's warmth next to him, and got dressed in his usual get-up.

Leaving the inn, he roamed the market for more food, and ended up buying two portions of sugar bread. He made sure to talk to the innkeeper about checking out soon before he returned to the room and woke up George.

As George got woken up from his favourite person's gentle voice, the memories of last night came rushing back. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, then greeted Dream good morning with a kiss.

"How's your shoulder?"

"I mean it hurts, but I'm okay. It'll get better."

George tried to mask his concern. "Yeah, it will."

Dream then offered him the sugar bread. "Eat up before we leave. I have no idea how long the way is gonna be."

George's face lit up, he hadn't noticed how hungry he was. They ate in silence, until Dream finished first and took out the little bag containing the Eye of Ender.

"How does it work again?" George asked.

Dream inspected the sphere. "The texts say one must throw it in the air, and it will fly a few feet towards the general direction of the stronghold."

George fell silent. That didn't sound reliable at all.

After packing up their things and checking out of the inn, it was time to leave the village. George

had really liked it, but if Skeppy's people were after them, it would be dangerous to stay longer.

They walked to an open field, the only thing in sight were some grazing sheep and cows. Dream stopped at a spot he felt was perfect, and opened the little bag.

"Ready?" He asked, and George nodded with determined eyes.

Dream took a deep breath, drew his arm back, and threw the sphere with all the force he had high up in the air.

They watched closely as the Eye barely followed Dream's throwing angle, but rather to the north-east of it, hovering a few feet until it lost stability and fell to the ground.

Dream jogged over and picked it up, then opened his map. George looked over his shoulder as he drew a dark arrow following the Eye's instructions.

With all things packed away, Dream grinned at George. "Nothing can stop us now." George took his hands and walked backward, eyes locked with Dream's as the contagious smile overtook him as well.

"Let's go!"

For the first bit, they travelled on Pandas. The open field was perfect for it, they crossed it quickly and without problems.

Then, the map indicated they had to get through a thick forest, which was quite inconvenient to navigate on a horse.

They still hadn't gotten through the maze-like forest when the sun went down, so they set up camp and decided to take a rest.

The following days were quite exhausting for George's body, who missed the comfort of a bed. Cuddling with Dream each night was a nice substitute, but his muscles ached still.

One night, Dream had equipped George with his own brand new armour, covering the wool robes. He had said that George would need protection fighting a dragon, not to mention it was a good defense against the monsters they encountered.

It took them nine nights and ten days until a new problem presented itself. They stood before a massive ravine, and the bridge appeared dangerously unstable.

Pandas wouldn't dare to go near it, bucking away from the edge every time Dream tried to convince her.

Dream stepped onto the first planks of the bridge in frustration. "If I show her it's safe, she's got to follow me. Come on, Pandas!"

Pandas snorted nervously, feeling the presence of something coming. She stepped even further away, and George, holding the leash, gently pulled on it, starting to feel irritated as well.

Dream walked backward, his arms spread out and keeping eye contact with both of them.

George couldn't react quickly enough as the planks under Dream's feet crumbled, and a gust of wind blowing through the ravine shook the bridge. Dream couldn't react either, flailing hands

holding onto nothing as he slipped through the gap. He managed to grab something with one hand, but that wooden plank broke in two pieces as well, and he exclaimed a soul-piercing scream.

George ran to the edge of the bridge, kneeling down to frantically look for Dream down in the ravine, but the fog made it impossible. When he heard the clang of iron hitting stone, tears welled up in his eyes. "DREAM?!"

Upon the following silence, George stood up, and unloaded the backpacks from Pandas, shouldering them himself. He took out some hay though, and hastily threw it on the ground for Pandas, before he made an attempt to climb down the steep stone wall.

With the fog clouding his sight, it was a difficult task, and he slipped several times, sweaty palms unable to get a strong grip on the stone. 'Please let Dream be okay', he thought to himself over and over again, the scene replaying in his head.

By the time he felt solid ground under his feet, his hands were covered in bloody scratches and abrasions, but his eyes still combed through the mist, until he spotted a piece of reflective armour.

George ran towards the light, and Dream must've heard the footsteps, turning around and barely having time to react before George fell into his arms, yelling Dream's name in relief.

They held each other for a good few minutes before George pulled away, his cheeks a little wet. Dream was surprised, but smiled gently at the sight. "Aw, were you worried?" George turned his head. "Shut up." Of course he had been worried.

The fog cleared up a little, and George could identify a body of water behind Dream. The latter followed his eyes and answered George's unspoken question. "This little lake, or whatever, absorbed my fall. Got a few bruises, but nothing too bad. And it was a blessing in disguise!"

Dream walked a few steps into the water and pointed towards the source, a short but wide waterfall.

George didn't understand.

"Follow me", Dream said, his voice carried a bit of excitement, and he walked straight towards the waterfall, and then through it.

George was a little perplexed, but he trusted Dream. So he followed, and let himself get soaked by the falling water, until he felt a familiar pull.

He stepped into a hollow structure, and Dream lit a torch, holding it near the walls. "Do you see this?!"

George expected a little stone cave, those sometimes existed behind waterfalls for sure, but with the light, he identified... a room?

The walls, and the floor, were made up of organized stone bricks, clearly looking man-made. This was not a natural structure.

Dream gave the torch to George and hurried to take out a book, flipping the pages with trembling fingers. He showed a page to George, a drawing of a hallway with walls and a floor made out of the very same stone bricks.

"I think we're here."

When the realization hit George, he grinned. “We did it!”

Dream nodded as the grin spread on his face as well. “We’re awesome! Let’s do this!”

Dream navigated the stronghold with high concentration, sketching out on a map where they had been, as well as lighting the place up with torches.

They came across a chest every one in a while, but most of them were empty except for a few apples and bread, though the mold had caught them before Dream and George did.

After a while of walking around, Dream spotted a light source. They walked towards it, and Dream could pick up on some voices.

He gestured for George to be quiet, extinguished his torch, and tiptoed closer.

“And then I banned that ping-spoofers, lol.”

“Yeah, I have no idea what any of that means.”

“I should’ve totally trolled him, maybe that could’ve made a good video? But I was so anno~yed.”

Dream nodded at George, and they simultaneously drew their swords as they stepped into the room.

Skeppy and Bad turned their heads and stared at them. Skeppy was sitting on some sort of platform, with Bad laying down, head on his lap. They scrambled into position, and Skeppy gripped a sword smithed out of pure diamonds.

“The fuck are you doing here already?!” Skeppy exclaimed.

“Language”, Bad complained as he readied his bow, an arrow pointing straight at Dream.

Dream blinked several times and shook his head. “No, what are YOU doing here?! I know I’d see Skeppy again, but Bad? Really, Bad?”

Bad lowered his weapon. “Listen, you’ve got Skeppy all wrong, he’s actually just trying to protect you guys-” Skeppy flinched and a blush crept over his face. “Shut up, both of you, oh my god.”

He stepped closer to Dream, and lifted up his chin with the tip of the sword. “You and me, one versus one, right now. Winner gets to go through the portal.”

George stepped forward and gripped his blade, taking the fighting stance Dream had taught him so long ago. “If you want Dream, you’ll have to get through me.”

Skeppy pondered for a second, then smiled. “I like the sound of that. Bad, you in?”

Dream and Bad exchanged a glance. Dream knew how close Bad and Skeppy had been before he had acquired those powers. That had been the day they started to drift away from each other, and Bad missed him every day. But he couldn’t turn a blind eye to the damage Skeppy was doing to



innocent people, so he had told Skeppy he wouldn't support his antics and walked out of his life. Dream wondered how Skeppy had convinced Bad to fight alongside him now.

Then, Dream's eyes shifted to the stone platform. Around it were twelve smaller cubes, each equipped with the same Eye of Ender. Before Bad could answer, Dream addressed Skeppy. "I take it when you got here first, you covered up the portal that would take us to the Enderdragon?"

Skeppy nodded. There was no point in being dishonest.

"Why didn't you go in straight away?", George chimed in.

"You're asking too many questions." Skeppy clicked his tongue, and without another warning, swung his sword.

George quickly stepped in front of Dream, blocking the hit to give him enough time to draw his own blade.

Bad, unsure of what to do, stepped back. He never wanted to see his friends fight, even though Skeppy had told him it would eventually come to this, should they find the stronghold.

Skeppy relentlessly swung his sword at both Dream and George, and he was skilled enough to dodge both their attacks, leaving no opening. Agile like a weasel, he used the room's structure to his advantage, attacking from behind right-handed corners.

Dream cursed Skeppy's small body, which made it difficult to land a hit on him, even from two people.

Skeppy grinned viciously as he executed his carefully planned move, bouncing off the wall and ramming his sharp blade right into Dream's shoulder.

The latter yelled in pain and dropped his sword as the impact made him fall to the ground and grip the reopened wound.

George turned his head to Dream, worry painting his face, but only had a second before he had to parry an incoming hit from Skeppy.

This round, he fought with more force than ever before, feeling the adrenaline pumping through him, and he kept seeing Dream's trembling body in the corner of his vision as the sword clanging filled the room.

George took a breath. He knew he only had one chance.

In an attempt to imitate Skeppy's movements, he bounced off the wall, jumping high into the air, but instead of delivering a final stab, he sliced deep into Skeppy's neck.

Bad, who had been following the fight anxiously with his eyes, screamed in surprise when he saw the blood start to flow.

Skeppy dropped to the floor and George took a step back. He panted heavily, and his eyes were glued to the deep cut.

Bad rushed to Skeppy's side, kneeling and picking up his body, pressing it close to his.

George suddenly remembered Dream, and locked eyes with him across the room. He couldn't read his expression. It was something between horror, disbelief and wonder.

George suddenly felt sick, and he took another glance at the massive amounts of blood streaming down Skeppy's body, soaking his and Bad's clothes in a mean scarlet.

He sprinted out of the room, letting his sword fall to the ground.

Dream needed another second before following George, every move letting a pained groan leave his lips.

When he found George hunched up in a corner, he crouched beside him. George's body trembled, but he still leaned on Dream when he sensed his presence.

George felt horrible. He could've never been ready for killing a man. After a while of travelling with Dream, slaying zombies and skeletons meant nothing to him, but he just took a living, breathing person's life.

What had gotten into him? Skeppy didn't wound Dream fatally—George hoped—so he didn't deserve this. No one deserved to die, and that thought finally brought George to let the tears run down his face.

Dream shifted closer, and he let George cry into his non-injured shoulder. He tried stroking his back to offer at least a little comfort, but nothing could ever heal George.

The guilt was overwhelming, he felt the urge to apologize to Bad, try everything to save Skeppy. But Dream wouldn't let him, saying Bad needed a moment for himself right now. Dream's voice had sounded weak and hoarse, and George remembered the new gaping wound.

With trembling fingers, he treated Dream once again, but they had to take several breaks in which George broke down sobbing.

When he was patched up, however, George showed no interest in walking back to the portal room. He told Dream he wouldn't be able to handle seeing Skeppy. He couldn't look Bad in the eye.

Dream understood. He was a little more desensitized to death, but he would never force George to do anything he wouldn't want to do.

So Dream gave George one last kiss, told him how much he loved him, and entered the portal room once again.

## Chapter End Notes

Bet you didn't expect that.

Follow my Instagram @caramelcursed for updates on hiatus times, sneak peeks, and even some art!

# Free the End

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The cold, overgrown stone bricks on the floor and along the walls glistened with fresh blood as Dream dared to walk into the portal room once again.

Two major things caught his attention: The portal was uncovered, a breathtaking starry sky from inside illuminating the area. It was like a mirror, except Dream knew they were deep underground. Additionally, there were also Skeppy and Bad, looking at him expectantly.

Bad's eyes were red and puffy, his bottom lip was still quivering. Who could blame him, Dream figured he must've bawled his eyes out.

Although the supposed reason for that stood before him healthy as a horse. His baby blue garments were soaked in blood still, but otherwise, Skeppy seemed oddly fine. Dream didn't know what to say.

Skeppy sensed just that, so he decided to talk first. "Your man got me good."

Dream bit his lip at the mention of George. Was he 'his man'? It sounded good, Dream supposed, but they hadn't talked about being an official couple at all and—that was not the thing to focus on right now.

"How are you alive?" Dream addressed the elephant in the room.

"I just went into gamemode, dude. Close call though. Now where's your boy toy?"

Dream didn't understand the explanation. A quick glance at Bad earned him a shrug, and he mentally wrote it off as one of the things Skeppy could just do.

"George isn't coming." Dream's voice was cold and definite.

Embarrassingly so, because right that second, George peeked around the cracked stone bricks into the room, his eyes scanning the three men.

When Dream noticed Bad and Skeppy were looking at something behind him, he turned around. He expected a zombie or a silverfish, but George was a pleasant surprise.

George didn't meet his eyes at all, though. He walked straight past Dream with wobbly knees and heavy lids, his eyes glued to Skeppy.

He could only manage to stutter out a couple of 'How...?'s and 'What?'s, before Skeppy gave the same explanation to him.

It didn't clear anything up, of course, but all George could do was accept it.

"So", Skeppy addressed Dream, "are you and your lover boy gonna go to the End now, or what?"

Dream was beginning to get pissed off. "Don't call him that."

Skeppy scoffed. "You guys are boyfriends though, right?" He remembered the protocol from Mega.

Dream suddenly regretted they had decided not to talk about their relationship. They had kissed, they had slept together, but was it enough to call George his boyfriend? He had never called Sapnap his boyfriend. The thoughts clouded his head and he could barely find a fitting word.

"We're allies", he finally said.

Considering how their relationship started, it was appropriate. But, Dream could see George wasn't happy with it, as he shook his head.

"No, we're more than that."

It wasn't clear whether George said this to Skeppy, Dream, or himself.

But the distinction was finally important to him, after contemplating his feelings for Dream.

"I love Dream." Again, everyone and no one felt spoken to.

"But it's not up to you to put a label on that."

Dream's heart skipped a beat. His cheeks warmed at the words and he couldn't suppress his smile.

Skeppy and Bad just looked weirded out at best, and a few seconds of silence set in. They didn't understand why George was taking it so serious. But they didn't need to understand.

Dream moved first, as he took a couple of steps to pick up the sword George had dropped earlier. It had dried blood sticking to it.

"We still got a dragon to kill."

George puffed out his chest and a determined look painted his face. "Yes, let's go!"

Skeppy gave a defeated sigh accompanied by a sad smile.

"We'll be cheering you on." Bad nodded with him.

Dream walked up the small staircase and held his hand out to George. He didn't hesitate to take it, and gave it one last squeeze, before both of them took a deep breath and jumped into the starry void.

The landing was hard and uncomfortable. They stumbled over each other, and the ringing in George's ears gave him a headache.

Once his senses calmed down, he examined his surroundings.

The floor was a rather small platform out of obsidian. It was located just under a cliff of a strange material. When George touched the yellow-ish stone, it felt rough and cold.

Most impressive was the horizon, though.

George and Dream peeked over the obsidian and were greeted with black nothingness. As far as they could see, the sky was dark. It was actually quite depressing to look at.

Dream swallowed. He took out his pickaxe and silently started digging into the cliffside.

George followed him until Dream dug up and a hole to the dark sky opened.

The men climbed out, and the sight before them was just like the children's tale went.

Twelve massive pillars, entirely made out of obsidian. At their top, twelve pink-purple crystals were floating. Some were surrounded by iron bars, some were exposed. Additionally, the yellow wasteland was packed to the brim with Endermen. Dream was familiar with the creatures, as he had fought one in his world before. But seeing them again, not to mention this many... He held his breath.

Then, it occurred to him George might not remember every detail from the tale. "Don't look them in the eyes", he advised George.

George chuckled, but his eyes were scanning the view. "I know." He was speechless as well, in the most positive way possible.

They took a couple of steps, until a roar pierced the air. Dream instinctively drew his sword, and George raised his shield.

From the camouflage of the overcast sky flew a massive dragon, spreading its wings in a dive straight towards Dream and George. Their reactions were a mix of wonder and fear; their bodies luckily reacted quickly enough to start running, but those flashing eyes etched themselves into their memory.

The spot they previously stood on was now clouded in a mysterious substance, dusty particles forming a circle inches above the ground. Dream identified the purple sprinkles as Dragon's Breath, and something told him it was best to stay away from it.

The dragon steered away, so George and Dream took a rest behind one of the pitch-black pillars. Their hearts pounded in their chests, George gripped his chest trying to calm himself.

Then, they looked at each other. Dream wore the same excited expression he had back when he first told George about his plans; now that they were actually here, he had trouble believing it.

George rummaged in his bag, then pulled out a bow and a quiver.

It was the same bow he got from the first skeleton he had slain. When Dream first protected him. When he first taught him, and discovered the natural talent he possessed. Now it was time to put it to the test for real.

Dream put away his sword in favour of his bow as well. "Alright, we take out the crystals first. Again, don't look the Endermen in the eyes and don't get hit by the dragon."

George chose not to comment on the very obvious instructions. He could tell Dream was nervous, and George appreciated he could share such a special moment with the man he loved.

They exchanged a quick kiss for good luck and parted ways.

Every time George aimed his bow, he remembered bits and pieces of their travels. How Dream's attempt to secure some meat had led to asking him to tag along, their training to make George a competent fighter, the nights spent talking about everything and nothing under a starry sky. How attached he had grown to Pandas—hopefully she was okay—and meeting up with Skeppy for

the first time.

George never imagined this was how his life would turn out, but he wouldn't ask for anything else.

Dream's thoughts while blowing up the crystals with his precise shots were less wholesome.

Somehow, Sapnap had sneaked into his thoughts. He remembered how his journey had originally started with him, how they promised to be there for each other. Then, Sapnap had stuck to his new friends instead. Dream had convinced himself to be a lone wolf from that point on. If he couldn't share this moment with Sapnap, he didn't want to share it with anyone else.

Things turned around when George came into his life.

He didn't regret deciding to travel with him for a single second.

His heart was filled with the will to fight for him as he destroyed the last crystal in his field of vision.

As he scanned the other pillars, he figured George must've been successful as well.

Dream walked around a bit aimlessly as he tried looking for George in the distance. The occasional roar from the dragon worried him, but it had stuck to flying around well above the pillars for the majority of the time.

Dream spotted George crouching behind one of the dark pillars, and that was when he started running.

The closer he got, the clearer he could see George's burnt garments. The iron leggings had a mean hole melted into the side, and the exposed skin was red and speckled.

"What happened?!", Dream asked as he rushed to George's side. He was panting heavily in pain.

"I barely walked along the edge of one of those clouds", George breathed. "I'm pretty sure standing inside the middle of those would kill you so fast." His voice sounded anxious.

Dream took out a small glass bottle. In hindsight, it had been a good idea to buy a couple of potions in the village.

He let George drink two potions of healing, and they watched the burn get better very quickly. His clothes and armour were still damaged, but at least the pain lessened.

Dream supported him standing up, until a thundering noise caught their attention.

The dragon rested to stand upon a small pillar in the middle of the wasteland, diligently looking over it.

They sprinted towards it, drawing their swords. This was the moment Dream had been waiting for.

The dragon spread its wings, until it spotted the unfamiliar creatures charging at it. It released another flaming breath, surrounding the area in its deadly cloud.

Dream realized he couldn't get close, so he drew his bow instead.

His arrows largely missed their target, however. His hold was shaky, his aiming was off.

The few arrows that found their target just bounced off the scaly wings. Dream concluded its skin was too thick to land damaging hits.

But, the dragon did get severely irritated from the arrows. Not to mention its crystals were gone, it ran out of patience for the intruders. It shot another line of dragon breath into their direction.

Dream reacted first and pulled George along as they skipped a couple of feet to the side. The particles surrounding the dragon now scattered, and Dream saw his chance.

He charged at the dragon, his instinct carrying his legs more than his mind did. His hands gripped the handle of the sword and focused his target.

Leaping off the ground, Dream swung his sword in a forceful motion, and delivered a clean cut right through the Enderdragon's neck.

Its eyes widened one last time before the muscles and tendons separated, and its head crumbled to the ground.

The gory wound caused Dream's armour to be splattered in blood emerging from the pulsating throat. But, there was nothing to do for the body anymore. It stiffened and then collapsed on the floor, the wings twitched a couple of times before it came to an eternal rest.

George had now caught up to Dream, and he couldn't close his mouth. The sight was breathtaking, Dream looked beyond badass with the dragon corpse at his feet and the blood-dripping sword in hand.

"You did it!", George finally found the words. Dream turned to him and pulled him into a tight hug.

"No, George, we did it. This is amazing!"

Dream pulled away, a wide grin contrasting the tears collecting in his eyes. "I could've never done this without you!"

George carried the grin over. "We really did it. We're incredible. You're incredible!"

Dream even laughed a little, the euphoria washing over him. He heaved the lifeless head off the ground. "Oh, I'll be taking this back to my village. That'll show them."

George only nodded. His excitement suddenly washed away.

Dream sensed something was wrong. "You'll come along, right?"

George opened his mouth and closed it again. He loved Dream, but he was homesick at the same time. He didn't know if he could abandon his village like that.

Dream placed the dragon's head on the ground and took both of George's hands.

"I understand if you wanna go back to your village. It's your home after all."

George just hugged him and a comfortable silence fell over them as they stayed in the embrace for a while.

Then, George spoke. "I think... I think home can be a person." He pulled away from the hug and looked deep into Dream's eyes. "I think wherever I'd go, I'd feel at home if you are there."

Dream silently gasped and blinked a couple of tears away. He had never heard anything like that before, and he didn't know how to deal with the pure happiness, so he just hugged George tightly once more.

"You're literally the best thing that ever happened to me. I love you so much."

He felt George's smile in his words as he responded.

"I love you too."

"That's cool and all, but how do you lovebirds plan to get home anyway?"

Dream and George jumped apart. The source of the voice came from above them.

George had something new to add to his list of unbelievable sights.

Skeppy and Bad were hovering a few feet in the air, seemingly unaffected by the gravity at all.

When none of them responded, Skeppy continued.

"Like I said, we were cheering you on. You did pretty great, actually. Take the head, it's yours."

Dream walked over to pick up the head again.

"Oh, and you should take the egg too."

"Egg?", George asked.

Bad hovered down to hand George a large egg. It was covered in black scales and quite heavy.

"You're gonna be great parents!"

"Unless they decide to make an omelet", Skeppy grinned.

"Oh, knock it off."

George decided to finally address his matters.

"Skeppy, will you stop messing around with our villages? It's severely impacting our economy."

Skeppy sighed and shrugged. "I guess I'll have to, you defeated me fair and square." He internally flinched at the memory of the feeling of his neck being sliced apart. For a split second, he wondered if that was how the dragon felt. Too bad it couldn't switch gamemodes.

Bad skipped in the air over to the dragon's pedestal. In a circle around it, the same starry void as the portal in the stronghold could be seen.

George and Dream walked over, carrying the loot in their arms.

"See ya, losers!" Skeppy dipped head-first into the portal.

Bad sighed. "He's such a muffin", he mumbled to himself with a soft smile.

"So... you and Skeppy, huh?", Dream teased. He could see Bad blushing.

"Oh come on, it's nothing like that."

"You were literally on his lap", George interrupted with a grin.

Bad puffed his cheeks until he appeared to have an idea.

"Well, what about you two? You don't get to point fingers."

"Yeah, we're boyfriends", Dream nonchalantly announced.

"Are we?", George questioned.



“George, do you want to be my boyfriend?”

George pursed his lips at Dream’s sass. Although he couldn’t help it, and gave in. “I do”, he said with a gentle smile.

Bad offered an ‘Aww’ as they exchanged another quick kiss.

Dream was the first one to step towards the portal. “Time to see where this takes us.”

“Wherever we’ll end up, it’s gonna be fine”, George reassured himself more than Dream. “Because we’re gonna be together.”

Bad gave them an encouraging nod along with a thumbs-up and proceeded to head into the portal.

Dream took a couple of deep breaths. It was over, it was done. He wondered if the domestic living phase of his life began now. With George, that didn’t sound so bad.

They looked at each other, nothing but pure, unfiltered love for each other in their eyes.

And then they jumped.

## Chapter End Notes

And that's a wrap! Thank you guys for supporting me all the way until this point. I couldn't have done it without your motivating comments.

I'm not gonna write an epilogue, unfortunately. School starts soon, and I'm gonna have less time for writing and drawing (it's my last year, so I'm gonna have to be a tryhard). Just imagine Dream and George living together in a little village, raising their dragon baby! It's so cute.

Also, Bad and Skeppy got some unresolved tension. As a treat.

Anyway, if you'd like more of me, check out my other works!

I'm also on Instagram, posting art on @caramelcursed. Exclusive AU's such as BBH as a vampire, or a MCYT highschool await you! <3

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